

RAILWAY STORY

Logan January 3, 1903.

Editor Republican:

Reading your stories in your last issue given by railroad employees, reminds me of the one told by the late Hon. G. W. Thatcher; the facts occurring as stated by him while he was superintendent of the Utah Northern Ry. "When the Oregon Short Line was being built from Pocatello to Huntington, men with their families, teams and equipments were shipped from Ogden and Preston to Pocatello, thence west. The run from Ogden north to Pocatello was comparatively slow, being a narrow gauge road. A train loaded with the above effects passed through Logan one evening, thence to Preston. The last two cars of this train were loaded with men who were having a hilarious time drinking, smoking, playing cards etc., to pass the time away. When reaching Preston some switching had to be done and the hind part of the train was detached, and left standing on the main track upon the Preston hill. The brakes on this part of the train proved defective, thereby not holding it. The detached part commenced to move slowly back down the hill towards Franklin. The conductor and brakemen were with the engine and the forepart of the train. The runaway train increased its speed until it reached about 50 or 60 miles per hour. On it flew past Whitney and over the trestle works north of Franklin. Just at this time the night passenger train reached Franklin from the south with Superintendent Thatcher on board. Upon stepping to the platform, he, with others, observed the lights on the rear part of the train coming towards them from the north. The grade being upward from the trestle work the detached train slackened its speed and finally stopped when within a few steps of the Franklin depot. As it did so two men came out on the rear end of the car within hearing distance of the passengers who were standing on the platform at Franklin. One of them addressing his companion asked, "What place is this?" Second man—"I don't know." First man—"Did you ever hear of such a—d—people to run trains as these Mormons; are during the daytime they have been poking like along snails 10 or 12 miles an hour, and just as soon as night comes they turn themselves loose at the rate of 60 miles per hour." This conversation took the superintendent and others over to them, who quickly took in the situation. When explained, the passengers were nearly scared to death, coming down the hill at break-neck speed and no guard at the brakes and not any of the passengers knew they were traveling backwards, brought about evidently by their indulgence. Congratulations were in order. Shortly after, the engine from Preston arrived and returned with her runaway cargo. "Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise."

Hyrum Notes.

Last Monday evening just after dark Hyrum Anderson, with his wife and four small children while driving through town collided with another vehicle, and he and his entire family were thrown over the dash board. There was only one chance out of one hundred that the accident was not serious, but fortunately they got off with a few bruises and some slight damage to the buggy.

Last Friday, shortly after midnight death visited the home of our respected townsman, Chris Jensen, and claimed his beloved wife. She left a new born babe that is still living. Mary Jensen, the departed was beloved by everybody, and the bereft ones have the sympathy of the entire community.

A number of boys were arrested last Saturday for playing "peeping tom" and were sentenced to four days in the city jail.

Engineer Finlayson, of the Logan Sugar Factory, was a visitor on our streets last Saturday.

There is already talk of emigration to Idaho next spring among some of our residents. The Hansen sugar factory will no doubt attract a few.

Councilman Julius Johnson was confined to his bed during most of last week.

James H. Squires has purchased Charles Jensen's interests in the Hyrum meat market and is now a partner with Andrew G. Nielsen.

Our local blacksmiths are all very busy now. If you want a small job done your order must line up one week ahead.

A BENEFACTOR.

Much has been said within the past few months about the visit of Adolph Lorenz, the famous Viennese surgeon, to this country, who was called here by the Armours of Chicago to perform an operation upon their little daughter, who had a congenital dislocation. In the past cures have sometimes been achieved by a thigh being cut open to the bone, the hip socket hollowed out and the bone fitted in. The famous physician effects cures without the use of the knife. The following is an abstract from his own words regarding what he did for Lolita Armour:

"The operation consisted in drawing the child's leg down so that the femur (hip bone) came below the socket of the hip, into which it ought normally to fit; then it was pressed into place and incased in plaster of Paris from the hip down to the knee cap. The cast will likely remain for six months. The patient will not, however, be confined to her bed that length of time."

The performance of this operation has created much comment. The Armours being extremely wealthy paid the eminent surgeon twenty thousand dollars for his services. Yet that he is a large hearted man is evidenced by the fact that he has volunteered his services to visit several American cities and operate upon patients without any remuneration. Thrills of hope have gone through the hearts of many cripples and a number have been operated upon successfully. Parents have crowded around him with their crippled children, begging for his assistance. The crippled and maimed have come in all shapes and forms for assistance. Many who have passed the age when a cure is possible have begged him merely to touch them, having faith that they might be healed. Such is the eager faith in humanity in the possibility of healing. The point to be well observed is this: A surgeon making a round trip of ten thousand miles, while it is true he received a large compensation for time, services and travel, yet he loves his fellowman to the extent that he will devote his ability and efforts free for the healing and uplifting of the unfortunate ones. What a lesson this should be to all. This noted surgeon cannot help but prosper, for "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." The never dying blessings and prayers of those afflicted ones who have gained relief will ever ascend in his behalf. And if there is efficiency in reward of merit Adolph Lorenz will be remembered.

Does Not Flatter Himself.

Herbert Spencer is quoted as saying that he has no illusions as to the popularity of philosophy. "I think it probable that if you would ask ninety-nine out of a hundred people whether they would daily take a spoonful of cod liver oil or read a chapter of my 'Principles of Psychology,' they would prefer the cod liver oil," he said. The philosopher has again declared that he is broken by the burden of years and has laid his pen down forever as far as any large work is concerned.

A Profitable Exchange.

There are more ways than one of earning a living. Riding in a steam railway could not be called an arduous way, yet it is one that might with ingenuity produce a modest income in a certain Spanish colony away down in the south. The peseta is here the current coin; it looks like a franc, but its value is a variable one, that may be anything from 14 cents to 20 cents. It happens just now to be only 14 cents, so the lucky foreigner gets a large amount of coin when he buys change. But the government for some reason or another think it necessary to keep a standard value; and in the steam railway the peseta is still worth 20 cents, whatever its value elsewhere. So the traveler who pays for a 2-cent tram ticket with a peseta receives 18 cents change and leaves the tram richer than he entered it.

THE ESTEY PIANO

Is leading everything. For exquisite tone and general workmanship it cannot be surpassed. The action never wears the key. This great piano is being used by leading musicians all over the United States. We could give testimonials by the score; but as testimonials can be bought and most people take no stock in them, we have never used them in making sales. We have never asked a musician for a testimonial on any instrument we carry. The wonderful Newman Organ leads for patented improvements. We say to the public if you wish advice from musicians before buying, it is safer to rely on our musicians at home, as we can prove that some Salt Lake musicians have recommended several different makes of pianos. Harris Music Co.

20-18 C. M. Harris—Manager.

G W ROBINSON DEAD

Word was received from Los Angeles yesterday of the death of Mr. George Robinson of the firm of Robinson Bros. Mr. Robinson went to California about a month ago, where he hoped to regain his health but it seems that the disease had too great a hold upon his system. The body will be brought here for burial and should reach here tomorrow. The time of the funeral has not yet been announced.

Mr. Robinson was born in Grantsville, Tooele county, Utah, about thirty-three years ago and comes from the Edward Robinson stock. His mother died when he was a babe and his early life was spent with relatives at American Fork, Pinto and Huntington. When 15 or 16 years of age he became dissatisfied with farm life and rode on horseback to Grantsville and engaged in business there with a relative. This proved unsatisfactory and he went to Ogden, where he engaged at manual labor for a time. While at this place he ran short of money and it is related that rather than go back to his relatives or ask for aid he lived for a week on three loaves of bread.

From Ogden he went to Salt Lake City with the idea of making preparation to go to California, but fell in with H. M. Desky, where his capacity for business brought him the foremanship of the establishment. While there he married Miss Lamoreaux of this city and his health failing shortly after he came to Logan and engaged in business. His rise was rapid and at this time the Robinson Bros. establishment is one of the leading business houses of the city. His father was John Robinson and grandfather Edward Robinson. Edward Robinson at the time of his death a few years ago was the oldest railway employee in the world, having run the first train from Manchester to Liverpool, England.

POULTRY BUSINESS.

Professor Dryden has this to say about the poultry business in Utah:

Better methods of feeding and management would easily add 25 per cent to the value of the poultry products. The last census estimated the average yield per year at twenty-five eggs per hen. We find no difficulty at the experiment station, with an average flock of hens, in getting a yield of 150 eggs per hen. With extra breeding we have had them average over 200 eggs. But leaving breeding out of the question, by killing off the old hens and giving the layers extra care and feed they can be made to average 150 eggs per year per fowl, or just double the yield that the census says the hens of Utah produced in 1899. In the first place, on the average farm, there is no consideration shown for the comfort of the fowls. Is it useless to talk to a man about the right way to feed fowls unless he is willing to give them at least the same care in regard to housing that he gives to his live stock. In regard to feeding, there is an ignorance that is profound among farmers in general as to what food or foods the hen requires for profitable egg production. An egg is made up of certain materials, and the hen must be fed those materials, otherwise where are the eggs to come from? We might as well look for figs on a Scotch thistle tree as to look for eggs from the food that the average hen gets in winter.

To sum up: Utah poultry products have a value of about one million dollars a year, and the amount is increasing at a rapid rate. Only the hay crop, the wheat crop, the wool and live stock and the dairy products exceeds the value of the poultry products. The market is unlimited and prices are good. This State is well adapted to the production of poultry and eggs. Without increasing the number of fowls in the State the product could be doubled by improvement along three lines; first, by breeding a selection of layers; second, by renewing the flock every year, or at most every two years, and, third, by better methods of feed and management.

Swiss Diplomat Well Liked.

Diplomatic circles in Washington will feel a distinct loss in the retirement of M. Ploa, Swiss minister. He is one of the few foreigners to retain their native customs in the legations. On all formal occasions his guests were greeted with baskets of most beautiful artificial flowers, the ware used on the table was exclusively Swiss, as were the dishes served. The Ploas never gave up their peculiar window draperies and every Christmas they had a tree, from which every Swiss resident in Washington got a present brought from the little European republic.

ODD CALL FOR DOCTOR.

Routed Out of Bed to Take Supper With Patient.

"Yes we doctors have all sorts of queer calls," said a South Twelfth street physician to a Philadelphia Record reporter, "and we get sort of schooled to take everything as a matter of course. Sometimes, though, it's hard. For instance, one night last week, after I had been in bed and asleep for about three hours, my night bell rang, and there was a message from a rich patient of mine who wanted to see me at once. It was then 2 o'clock in the morning. When I reached his apartments in the fashionable hotel where he lives, I found him sitting in his dressing gown, smoking a cigar. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Are you sick?' 'No, I'm all right,' he said. 'I'm just lonely; that's all.' Well, that made me mad. 'What the deuce do you mean by getting me out of bed at this hour?' I demanded. 'Don't you know my charge for a night call is \$10?' 'Tut! Tut!' he said, 'don't talk about that. I just got back from New York at midnight, and I'm hungry. I don't want to eat alone, and I sent for you to take supper with me. I want some one to talk to and I just happened to think of you. There's the menu. Order up a good, square meal. I'm hungry.' I looked at him to make sure that he was in his sober senses. He didn't seem like a man who had been drinking. There was nothing for me to do but order the supper, which I did. I ate my share, too, but he'll get a good stiff bill for it."

KEEPING SHEEP IN AUSTRALIA.

Artificial Feeding of Flocks Cost Breeders a Large Sum.

The artificial feeding of sheep in an Australian drouth, according to the Country Gentleman, has almost assumed the dignity of a fine art. In many a squatter's run the stock are dependent on what is given them, and the most approved ration appears to be half a pound of wheat and half a pound of hay per day—fed in the forenoon, if possible, with a little scrub for them in the afternoon for them to munch over. The distribution is done from spring carts, the grain being shoveled out, over as wide an area as possible. The animals pick it up, like poultry in a yard, the stuff being always spread on hard ground, as it is rejected if mixed with the soil. Abundance of rock salt is strewn about the paddocks, and water is also artificially supplied, where other has failed. As to cost, that is something like twelve cents a week, which soon mounts up where scores of thousands go to constitute a single flock.

Possible Only in England.

A village clergyman was examining his Sunday school children in Scripture, and the text, "The eagle fluttereth over her young," came up for elucidation. "Have any of you seen an eagle?" asked the vicar.

There was a silence for a while, until one little mite ventured to put up her hand.

"And where did you see an eagle?"

"Blackpool," replied the child.

"That's right," acknowledged the vicar, thinking, perhaps, that at Blackpool—where he had never been—there was a zoological garden. "How did you know it was an eagle?"

No answer.

"Did anyone tell you that it was an eagle?"

Again a negative shake.

"Come, how did you know?"

"Please, sir, there was a lot of she-gulls, so I thought there must be a he-gull, too."—Stray Stories.

Sound Reasoning.

It has been said of a southern dandy that he has not always a clear idea as to property rights, but on some points it appears that he is not in the least hazy.

As an old colored man in the days "befo' de wah" was given one of his master's cast-off hats, which he wore with great pride. One Sunday his master met him coming home from a camp meeting in a pouring rain, bare-headed and holding his hat under his coat. Later on his master questioned him jocosely.

"Why didn't you wear your hat, Jerry? Did you feel the need of cooling your head?"

"You see it's like dis, sah," responded Jerry. "My head is yours, but my hat is mine, and natchelly I feels like taking care of it, sah."

Oppose Short College Course.

Considerable criticism has greeted a proposal made by President Butler of Columbia university that the course for the degree of B. A. shall be shortened from four to two years and that the four-year course shall lead to a master's degree. One critic expresses himself thus: "It is a proposal which, if adopted, would lead to far-reaching and perhaps dangerous changes in our educational standards. It certainly cannot be claimed that the change would result in an elevation of the baccalaureate standard; it would, or so it seems to one outside the domain of pedagogy, almost surely result in lowering a standard which is already so low as to mean almost nothing."

"CORIANTON"

The Corianton people certainly have no complaint at the reception accorded them by the people of Logan. Each of the three nights and the matinee the house was packed to its utmost capacity.

Altogether the presentation was a great success. Some of the actors did exceedingly well, and were highly commended. Mr. Ethier as Corianton was very good. In voice and carriage he seems particularly well fitted for the character he represents. We believe with a little more experience he will "do" the part fully as well or better than Mr. Haworth.

Mr. Seerle made a great hit as Scamum. His interpretation of the part made one feel like he was really in the presence of the great Zoramite leader.

T. H. Cutler, as Alma, did very well, acquitting himself with great credit. Mr. Cutler gives promise of becoming an actor of no mean ability.

Moses Johnson as Korihor had a most difficult part. As the principal character in the great climax at the last of the first act, he did superbly. He is certainly at home in the part given him.

Mr. Percival as Shiblon, was an ideal character, and did the part much better than it was done in the first Corianton.

But it was to Miss Boyer in her rendition of the character of Rella that the sympathy of the whole people went out, as was evidenced by the generous applause she received. Miss Boyer was perfect in her part as Rella.

We are proud of the local people in the cast, and believe they are fully equal to the eastern people in the parts assigned to them, and with a few months experience should excel them. The future successes of Miss Boyer, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Ethier, Mr. Cutler and Ariel Cardon will be watched with interest.

Few dramatic contributions have received such universal commendation as has marked the course traversed by the sterling romance, "Richard Carvel," and fewer plays have weathered the sea of criticism more successfully. Many projects are launched upon the dramatic ocean that in a brief period become veritable derelicts, which not only prove a menace to the progress of worthy and legitimate enterprises, but undermine public confidence and esteem. With "Richard Carvel" the public receives one of the best dramatic compositions of recent years, as presented by that clever young actor, Andrew Robson, and his most excellent company. The play is invested with a wealth of magnificent scenery, costumes and accessories that picture a worthy environment for the action. The production will be presented at the Thatcher Opera House Wednesday night of this week.

The Improvement Era, Salt Lake City, for Jan., contains the second article of Elder B. H. Roberts on the "Mormon Doctrine of Deity," one of the strongest papers ever written on this subject, and a complete answer to the Catholic "philosophical" proofs on the form and nature of God. The thrilling "Christmas Story of the Wasatch," by Alfred Lambourne, is completed in this number. Anent the Prophet Joseph's birthday anniversary, there is reproduced Elizabeth R. Snow's beautiful poem on the "Assassination of Joseph and Hyrum Smith," with other matter closing the history of the Prophet. Joseph F. Smith in the Editor's Table discusses two topics of interest to old and young—"A New Year's Warning," and "Seeking Easy Work." There are numerous other contributions by different ones, all of which go to make the January number of the Era a good book in itself, worth careful study, and is both instructive and entertaining.

A report issued by the British labor department on workmen's co-operative societies is quite interesting. It shows the wonderful growth of that movement. Between 1874 and 1899 the recorded membership of all classes of co-operative societies increased from 403,010 to 1,681,342, and their total yearly transactions increased from 75 to 340 millions of dollars. Of the 82,000 persons employed by the co-operative societies making returns, 47,000 are engaged in the business of distributing goods, while 25,000 more are employed by the distributive societies in their factories. There are however only 8,800 persons who are co-operators in the sense of being capitalist and workman combined.

Utah Canning Industry.

Ten years ago there was but one canning factory in Utah and it had a rather uncertain existence finding it almost impossible to dispose of its output of two or three thousand cans.

There are now fifteen canning factories in the State. Their output this year exceeded 300,000 cans of almost every thing in the eatable line; and valued at over \$500,000. The product this year was marketed in all the inter-mountain States and as far east as Iowa.

Several new factories are projected for next year and it is expected that the output will be greatly increased over this year.

AS GOOD AS SLEEP.

Why Insomnia Had No Terror for the Late Senator Vance.

During the last term of the late Senator "Zeb" Vance of North Carolina a man noted at the capital and throughout the South as a wit, he was met walking down Pennsylvania avenue about 2 o'clock one winter morning by Maj. E. B. Pope.

Scenting a senatorial poker party somewhere or else a late supper at Chamberlin's, Maj. Pope, with feigned seriousness, said:

"Good morning, Senator, isn't it a little early for you to be taking a stroll?"

"No, sah," drawled the Senator, with all his Southern dignity, "it is very usual for me to walk about Washington at this hour."

"Ah, I see," replied Maj. Pope, backing water, as it were, "insomnia. I know how it is myself."

"Majah Pope," said the statesman, "I long ago vanquished insomnia. It is quite true that sometimes I go to bed and can't sleep. Then I get up and take a good stiff dram of corn whisky. I go back to bed, and if sleep doesn't come immediately I get up and take another dram. I go back to bed, and then, if I see that sleep is still backward about coming to me, I'll get up and take a great big dram. And do you know, Majah Pope, after I've had five or six drams of corn whisky, I don't care a rap if I never go to sleep."

Wrong Environment.

Louis Evan Shipman, the novelist and playwright, when in Philadelphia a fortnight ago, looking after his interests in Actor Hackett's performances of "The Crisis" told of an aged negroess who, visiting in a strange town, strolled into an Episcopal church that had a "Strangers Welcome" placard displayed at the door. She was a good Zionist, and very regular and devout with regard to the services in her own church at home. The responsive reading and the frequent "Amen" interested her, and in time, made her very fervid; and she began to punctuate the service with lusty "Hallelujahs." She attracted attention, and finally was approached by the sexton, who said:

"Madam, you cannot carry on that way here."

"But I've got religion!" she explained, ecstatically.

"That may be so," answered the sexton, "but madam, this is no place to show it."

Fagged Out.

(This poem is an imitation of Paul Keeler's "I Want to Go Home." Too tired to originate.—Author's Note.)

I want to let go.
To drop the whole thing.
The worries, the frets,
The sorrows, the aches;
Just to let myself down
On the bed or the ground—
Anywhere, so it's down—
And let myself go.

And the folks? I don't care;
And my business? The same.
Hell and heaven? Too tired.

I want to forget.
And don't want to say
What I want to forget.
And I don't want to think;
Just to let down my nerves,
Just to smooth out my brain,
Just to sleep. And that's all.

Please leave me alone
With your pillows and things;
"Tisn't that that I want,
Nor a doctor, nor folks,
I just want to let go.
Oh, I want to let go.
—Amos R. Wells in Lippincott's Magazine.

His Witticism Was Costly.

Magistrate Prann is an Irishman, and intensely proud of his lineage. It is one point upon which it is not safe to chaff him. Recently a number of boys who had been arrested for some petty offense were taken before his honor. Among them was one whose speech and general appearance stamped him as Italian. Somebody had told the boy to give an Irish name and tell his honor he was Irish.

The magistrate questioned the boys until he came to the young Italian.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Mickey da Casey," replied the youngster, amid a roar of laughter. "I'm Irish."

"Oh, it's Irish you are, are you?" smilingly replied his honor. "Well, so am I, and I'll just fine you \$10 for it, suiting an honorable race.—New York Times.

The man who is constantly running down his home town is a traitor.